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## Profiles Encouraged / Marsha L. Baum

Editor

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# Profiles Encouraged:

## Marsha L. Baum



**Education:** B.A. in History, University of Rochester; M.S. in Library Service with Honors, Columbia University; J.D., S.U.N.Y. at Buffalo Law School; M.B.A. course work at University of Connecticut

**Experience:** Prior to being named Associate Professor of Law & Director of the Law Library at the University of South Carolina in 1992, I worked at the University of Connecticut School of Law Library; first as Head of Public Services, then as Acting Director and, finally, as Deputy Director (1987-1992). From 1975 to 1987, I was a Reference/Government Documents Librarian with the University of Minnesota Law Library.

**Activities:** Presentations to groups of librarians on copyright law and libraries; Presentations on legal research. Active member of the American Association of Law Libraries, serving on committees and as officer of a special interest section and coordinating programs and presenting at annual meetings. Admitted to practice law in New York State. Member of Beta Phi Mu, American Library Association, American Bar Association, New York State Bar Association, and Mensa.

**Most recent accomplishment:** The personal computer I took apart and put back together still worked when I got done!

**First job:** Food service in the college cafeteria where I first learned how unreasonable customers can be when I was asked to separate the peas and carrots in the mixed vegetables.

**Last books finished:** Since I always have five or six books going at the same time (right now, it's a book on LAN technology, a history of the South Carolina bar, a biography, a novel and a feminist anthology), it's hard to tell the last book I read. The last books I finished were *I am Roe* by Norma McCorvey and *A Question of Choice* by Sarah Weddington.

**Pet peeve:** People who think rules and common courtesies don't apply to them.

**Family:** Two cats and a husband who tolerates them dearly.

**Single most important piece of advice:** Don't sign anything you don't understand.

# On the Road

A glimpse at "Life in the Trenches"

Column Editor: **Don Jaeger** (Alfred Jaeger, Inc.)

*All stories, all anecdotes, all shared experiences are welcomed. Fax them to 516-543-1537, or mail to Don's attention at Alfred Jaeger, Inc., 66 Austin Blvd., Commack, NY 11725-9009.*

*I am pleased to include two stories from the Regional Sales Manager of a major book jobber. Now that the travel season has started in earnest, I look forward to receiving additional contributions from many of the vendors who have been traveling these past few months. I'd also like to hear from the international reps who have been traveling but have not as yet contributed any stories to this column.*

*See y'all in Charleston. — DJ*

## Reservations

Some years ago, I arrived at the front desk of a Ramada Inn after a long day of selling books only to be told that they had no room available. My counterpart from a competing company who had shown equal lack of foresight, appeared minutes later to hear the desk clerk suggest that I try the Holiday Inn down the road. After exchanging pleasantries we both turned to get in our respective cars. I jokingly said, "Gentlemen, start your engines." Whereupon Joe roared out of the parking lot in his Cadillac. When I arrived at the Holiday Inn, Joe was already checking in, having obtained the last available room. I found a room that night, on the outskirts of town.

## Jake's First Call

About a year ago, the west coast representative for our company accompanied me on a trip to Ohio. We drove from Wisconsin to the Cleveland area on Sunday, arriving after midnight. Nonetheless, we made sure that we were at the college library door shortly before nine the next morning.

Nine AM came and went, and the doors were still closed. We peered through the glass door only to see a darkened lobby. I checked my itinerary again, and yes, we were at the right library, at the right time, on the right day. We paced and joked nervously until someone finally appeared and told us that the library was closed. There was a power outage. Everyone else waiting outside immediately turned and left. The rep looked at me. I turned to the librarian, the person who had told us the library was closed, and explained that we had an appointment. We were ushered in, and a most gracious lady sat with us in the dark, as we discussed our service.

Wonder of wonders, she opened an account and a bit of morning light entered the room. ☼

